UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

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Editorial.

THE greatest indignity a man can offer his family is to let go his hold upon the *eternalities* that he may better provide for their *temporalities*.

IN the triumph of the Palm Sunday story Jesus was exposed to the greatest danger of his life. The temptations of success are greater than those of defeat. Better a shower of stones with stalwart loyalty, than baskets of roses with muffled consciences and a mumbling mouth.

THE recent death of Jerome Beecher brings once more to mind the fact that the fathers of Unitarianism in Chicago are fast passing away. A resident of Chicago since 1838, and closely identified with its business and social interest, Mr. Beecher was also one of the most constant, faithful and liberal supporters of the first Unitarian church. A large family connection and a wide circle of friends will mourn that his genial presence is withdrawn. His honored and beloved wife will receive the tenderest sympathy in her bereavement.

THE suggestive and rather astute proposition that Cardinal Newman was at bottom a skeptic, is maintained by Leslie Stephen in the *Nineteenth Century*. The revolt against reason in favor of a religion of infallible authority, which at first sight looks like a supreme act of faith, more closely examined, may appear as a concession to rising doubts and fears that is quite as closely connected with the skeptical as the believing spirit. Tennyson's line about the degree of faith often found in "honest doubt" contains a truth whose obverse side is almost as striking. There lives a great deal of dishonest skepticism in the half accepted creeds and dogmas of the day. Enforced belief is no true belief at all. The authority that "orders us to believe because, if we don't believe, we shall doubt," virtually admits, says Mr. Stephen, "that doubt is the legitimate and normal result of reasoning," which is, he adds, the essential characteristic of skepticism.

IN A late reply to the question about UNITY'S mission, the writer says that it is to "brush away the cobwebs from the mental abodes of men." In our search for truth "we do not arrive at walls, but at interminable oceans." It is not necessary, says our correspondent, very wisely, that we should all agree. On the contrary we should learn to recognize and respect "the divine right of diversity, and to know we can not reason others into the possession of our moods and visions." It is this diversity which UNITY aims to represent, not the diversity that stands for moral discord and contradiction, but the diversity that is the sign of individuality.

THE parting salute of Mr. MacQueary to his associates of the Episcopal clergy was, "The woods are full of such as I in your ranks." To us the wonder is not that Mr. MacQueary must go, but that he stayed so long, and that so many are willing to stay behind their comrade and fellow believer. The heretic has won a national reputation and he goes out with the laurel on his brow; but probably the braver thing was done by those who, true to their ordination vows, tried to square their judgment and their votes to the antiquated creed. There is but one thing more valuable than progressive thought in religion and that is intellectual integrity.

THE Chicago *Times*, commenting on the heavy loss the modern drama has sustained in the death of Lawrence Barrett, says truly that it "takes away from the American stage the most hopeful supporter of its serious side." Lawrence Barrett commanded, as man, the highest respect for the unfailing nobility and dignity of his character; while as artist, he did more than any of his contemporaries, unless Henry Irving be excepted, to preserve the drama to its highest uses. He was a man of culture, refined and high-minded in all his tastes, who devoted all his marvelous resources of talent and industry to the art he loved so well. Not a genius like Booth, he was something better than genius even,—a man with a high ideal which no obstacles of outward circumstance or native deficiency could prevent from working to realize to the utmost of his power and opportunity.

THE editor of the *Open Court*, commenting on the article by Prof. Max Müller, mentioned last week, claims that the thought of infinity, taken by itself, is not necessarily religious, any more than any other general proposition, mathematical or logical. Neither, he thinks, can this idea, alone, supply a principle of human conduct. The emotions felt by Kepler in the discovery of the law of planetary motions were the same as those claimed to be aroused by the thought of the infinite, and may be as truly called religious. We should ourselves be willing to accept this conclusion, and have no interest in the hair-splitting definitions with which some theologians would dispute it. The main point Dr. Carus wishes to establish, that the idea of the infinite, in its abstract bearing, is no more religious in its quality than any other broad generalization, is both suggestive and striking, but we must remember that this idea seldom, perhaps never, does exist simply as an abstraction, being inevitably clothed upon with those feelings of awe and reverence (themselves ideas of another shape only) which belong to the religious nature. The distinction which our neighbor points out seems to us more curious and interesting in its logical bearings than useful in any important practical application to be made of it; but we like, as well as any other, his definition of God as the sum of "those realities of experience to which we have to conform, those manifestations of nature which we can not forbear, those laws of cosmic existence which we have to obey." Also that of religion as the "search for truth with the aspiration to regulate our conduct in accord with truth."

REV. MARIAN MURDOCK, chairman of the Committee on Disbanding, whose report on that question, with others, appeared in our columns two weeks ago, desires to correct a statement in the official communication of the President of the W. W. U. C. concerning her position with regard to the National Alliance. Miss Murdock writes that she thinks the only true co-operation among women in denominational work must now be brought about through the national body, that she has no objection to women's organizations, as such, but thinks there is no need of carrying on the work of the W. W. U. C., because she considers it to be identical in aim with that of the W. U. C. Her position on the entire question coincides, she desires us to say, with that expressed in the majority report of the Committee on Joining the Alliance.

DR. ABBOTT, replying in the *Contemporary Review* to an article on "The Certainties of Christianity," makes an energetic protest against the assertion that belief in the resurrection of Jesus is essential to a belief in his divinity. Dr. Abbott himself does not think the former impossible, but thinks it also quite probable that the story of the resurrection is based on illusion, and, whatever degree of authenticity attaches to it, it does not affect in the least belief in the supernatural character and mission of Jesus. Neither, he claims, is spirituality in the believer dependent on the acceptance of the miraculous stories of the New Testament. Dr. Abbott makes distinction between the "certainties" and the "realities" of Christian belief, a distinction that needs no explanation to the trained and thoughtful mind, and strikes us at once as both true and profound.

MR. GEORGE BIRDWOOD, an intelligent correspondent of the London *Times*, deprecates, as many others do, the forcible interference of Great Britain with the long established religious and social customs of India. The reaction against western ideas is already very strong, and exasperation may end in revolt and entire overthrow of British rule. The institution of "child marriage," for example, abhorrent as it is to the moral sense of every man, had better be treated with moral rather than with legal measures, or left for the people themselves to deal with. He says, "It is an abominable stain on their civilization, although in truth, rather nominal than real; while, on the other hand, the marriage laws of the Hindoos have served to create the highest type of family life known. For its simplicity, affection, reverence and purity it is absolutely unapproachable by any other nation."

A POST-OFFICE MISSION RECORD-BOOK, carefully ruled and adapted for recording all information needed to be kept in P. O. M. work is soon to be issued by the Women's Western Unitarian Conference, having been carefully prepared by the Secretary, Miss Florence Hilton. It provides space for one hundred names for one year, or fifty names for two years; also includes a "Circular of Suggestions to P. O. M. Workers," and a classified list, by subject, of all tracts, sermons, addresses, periodicals and loan libraries which may be useful in the work, with a tract directory of characterized A. U. A. *Register*, Unity Mission and UNITY Short tracts, with separate complete lists of the A. U. A., U. M. and U. S. Tracts, and of UNITY Pulpit and James Freeman Clarke's Sermons. All mailed postpaid for 70 cts. Address Secretary Women's Western Unitarian Conference, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.

WE have elsewhere called attention to a printed discourse of Rev. A. M. Judy on "The Liberalism of the Unitarian Church." In it he makes an earnest and always timely appeal to liberals to support the church of their convictions; urging first that the principles of rational religion, if true, deserve on that account alone, support and encouragement, and secondly that the liberal church should be carefully guarded "as a bulwark between the young, and the erroneous views believed to be taught in other communions": "If your children's minds are left blank on these subjects they will furnish the recruits for violent revivalists and hair-brained fanatics. They will be at the mercy of the man of positive convictions. They will succumb before dogmas which they have not been trained to refute. Make not the mistake of supposing that children inherit arguments. Predispositions they may inherit; but a predisposition, unfortified by reasons, can not withstand the assaults of earnest and well-directed proselyting."

The Easter Hope.

When Dr. Howe first introduced the imprisoned soul of Laura Bridgman to the solemn mystery of death by permitting her to feel of the dead body of her little playmate, the first question she spelled out was, "Where has Ora's think gone to?" Upon the essential dignity of "The think" do we base the universal hope of Easter time. It springs unbidden into our lives when we contemplate the mystery and significance of any power that thinks, loves and suffers.

We have no sympathy with the nice poise of probabilities which a certain class of theologians like to strike, defining just the conditions upon

which the immortal life may be won, the expected life to be realized, leaving all those who do not conform to these conditions to wither like premature buds upon the tree, or if they survive at all, meet a fate sadder than extinction. We do not wish to win the expected life, if we can not reach it by the grand sweep of a noble law of the Infinite, which swings its inclusive arm around all human life; and, may we fondly trust, arouud still other creatures who toilfully climb the rounds of the ladder of being. For

"Thanks to the human heart by which we live;
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears;
To me the meanest flower that blows, can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

We do not wish a future life smaller than the one we now enjoy. Here there is a chance for the ignorant to become wise, for the vicious to become gentle. Florence Nightingale and Dorothea Dix are willing to walk, angels of light and purity, through aisles of mangled, sometimes coarse and profane humanity, that they may help them. Here Samuel G. Howe opens the bar that imprisons the soul of Laura Bridgman and even enlarges the brain cells in which idiocy abides. We do not want to go where there will be less missionary spirit, less disinterested love, less patience with weakness and sin, than here. We deny that Jesus moved into a narrower circle when he rent the fleshly temple. We deny the charge, made so often in the name of religion, against God, that he delights in any exclusive dominion, or offers any selfish heaven. We bring our Easter faith into the daylight of reason and science. We find our hope substantiated in the open hospitality of every fireside. Some will believe in, and revere a spirit that indifferently thrums a banjo in a dark cabinet. This is well if they do not forget to believe still more the spirit that in open daylight, with unfettered hands, fills the great cathedral arches with waves of sound, that ocean-like go on and on till they encircle the globe. We have seen pictures made by spirit hands, rosebud, violet, and lily,—very mysterious,—we can not explain how it was done. We respect the mystery and listen to the explanation, but it does not stir us with a great longing for immortality as one of Bierstadt's great Yosemite pictures does, where rock, tree and cloud, transfused by the hand of genius, melt into a beatific vision of celestial realms. Again we follow Swedenborg's guiding from star to star and try to feel the courses of immortality in our veins; but a better intimation of immortality stirs our hearts when we read the story of Galileo reaching out his telescopic arm to touch the planet, with his feet yet on the earth, of Leverrier who weighs the heavens and finds where the undiscovered planet must be.

Wordsworth, in his Ode on Immortality, discovers an intimation of the expected life in the roseate glow still lingering in the heart of childhood. We would find grander intimations, when the early dawn of morning has grown into the full blaze of the noonday sun, resting on that serene brow that enabled him to write—

". . . . in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far he be,
His soul caught sight of that immortal sea
Which brought him hither;
In a moment he traveled thither;
And saw the children sport upon the shore,
And heard the mighty waters rolling evermore"

So do we feel concerning that story of the resurrection. There are many questions about the facts of the entombment, but none about the glory of the life. We care little about the interview the disciples had with the ghost of Jesus, because we know that the oracular spirit that split the citadel of bigotry and priestcraft with the thunderbolts that fell in the sermon from Olivet must have been in communion with the spirit of God. His fire was of heaven.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" We hope, yes. Not because Jesus died, but because he and others lived. In the parables more than in the miracles; in deeds of Luther and Cromwell more than in the trances of Swedenborg; in the writings of Homer, Dante, of Milton and Wordsworth more than in the writings of planchette, do we find the intimations of immortality. Because in these we find that inspiration which enables us to be, to say and to do those things that deserve immortality. "It is not our duty to prove immortality," says Emerson. But it was his duty as it is ours, to deserve immortality, to win immortality. We are never so skeptical of the expected life as when we see souls begging for immortality when they ought to be busy winning it. To the true soul this world more than fills its life. His thoughts are too small, his words are too poor to express its richness, his pigments are too coarse to paint its glory. How then can he expect to orb into words or to paint on canvas those things which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, but which God hath prepared for them that love him."

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease so be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith; we can not know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness; let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before."

How to Study Emerson.

For a long time a little leaflet has been on our table, mutely bespeaking a word of recognition which, because so well deserved, has been postponed from week to week that it might be the more fittingly and carefully spoken. The high subject with which this little pamphlet deals is matched by the excellence of the work itself, whose commendation need go no further, in many minds, when we give the workman's name,—William C. Gannett.

Mr. Gannett has done his work *con amore*, and with that spirit of minute and diligent research which marks everything that comes from his pen. The leaflet is "Tract No. 2," of the series published by the National Bureau of Unity Clubs, bearing the imprint of Geo. H. Ellis, of Boston. "Suggestions for an Emerson Class Programme," is the modest title. The plan arranges for a series of fortnightly meetings, with an essay and poem for the evening's work, which have been previously read by the members. There is also a running biographical sketch of the writer continued from one meeting to another under different topics as Concord, Little Ralph, The young Preacher, Emerson the Lecturer, etc. The opening exercise is general, consisting of quotations selected from the particular essay under study. The directions for study are "Keep talk *to the point*," "Keep it brisk and pressing, not loitering," "Keep it general," "Keep it free and truth-seeking." "Beware of the arguer," etc. Most readers of Emerson stand ready to declare that his essays can not be analyzed, that they permit no grouping of minor ideas around one central thought, that they are but strings of distinct and separate sayings, wise, witty, profound, but without sequence, either logical or structural. Mr. Gannett does not believe this; but it takes, he thinks, many readings to discover the plan, the central purpose. In an outline of twelve meetings, the essays studied are History, Self-Reliance, Compensation, Spiritual Laws, Love, Friendship, Prudence, Heroism, the Over-Soul, Circles, Intellect, Art. Lists of poems bearing more or less on the lesson's theme are given, from which to select for accompanying readings. A list of books, biographical and critical, is also printed, together with a list describing price and edition of Emerson's complete works. Though the season of club work is closing, not beginning, we call attention to this little work in full confidence of winning our readers' gratitude and saving their sometime, future, if not their immediate, present needs.

C. P. W.

A MEMBER of our editorial staff, H. D. M., writing of the published essay of Rev. S. M. Crothers, "The Faith of a Free Church," lately reviewed in our columns, pronounces it an "uplifting" and on the whole "satisfying" book; but, noting the sentence in the author's thought about "Christ," that "if the story of the perfect man is not history then it is prophecy," makes this pertinent comment:

"But if that perfect man is a prophetic ideal instead of a historic fact, are we justified in continuing to apply to him a title that has been so uniformly associated with Jesus of Nazareth? Why not as properly call him "Buddha" as "Christ"? Mr. Crothers believes "that the glimpses we have of the historic Jesus justify the highest ideal we have formed of him." Now if Jesus can be proved to have been a perfect man, he is as radically removed from the possible life of to-day as though he were "very God of very God." Perfection, with us, is unattainable. If he attained it, he was superhuman and so can not be the real elder brother whom we seek. Jesus is brought but half way back when he ceases to be Deity and becomes unerring humanity. To humanize Jesus in fact as well as name, Unitarianism must recognize him as a fallible mortal like ourselves, not the ideal man of prophecy but an actual man of history, one who did, however, succeed, as we also can if we will, in making a goodly stride towards the larger manhood that shall be.

THE necessity of applying the principles of a just and intelligent civil service reform to the administration of school affairs, especially in the selection of teachers, was recently urged by George William Curtis before a meeting of superintendents. Nowhere does the injustice, and the imbecility as well, of the system which deals the rewards of office to those who have been "useful" at the polls, appear greater. The political influence that secures places of honor and material profit in the schoolroom to men and women, who may have some fitness for the duties assigned them or may not, is well known in our large cities. The public school is the last place where this influence should be felt, though for that matter it is becoming difficult to say to what place the machinations of the political "boss" and wirepuller properly belong. Mr. Curtis' plea for a system of competitive examinations which alone shall determine the choice of teachers, making ability the test of success, is based on a principle of universal application in both public and private business, one which the slow but sure progress of ideas will one day firmly establish.

NO LIFE can be wholly happy that is not a religious life. No other is fully dedicated to true and rewarding ends—to things that are eternal. No other has tasted of the deepest springs of life, the deepest sources of joy. No other is sure against the vicissitudes, not merely of the outward life, but of the inward life. No other confirms, illumes, exalts, transfigures, all the qualties and emotions which, in each other kind, go to make us happy.—*Rev. Joseph May.*

EVERLASTING punishment is the true state of all who persist in the commission of sins."—*W. T. Harris.*

Men and Things.

WE learn from the *Unitarian* that new Unitarian Headquarters have been opened in New York, where access can be had every day to liberal literature, and the other opportunities which such a center affords.

MRS. MARY E. LIVERMORE, in a recent address before the W. C. T. U. in Lynchburgh, Va., said that 3,420 occupations are now open to women, whereas in the days of her girlhood there were not more than seven open whereby women could earn their living.

MLLE. JEANNE HUGO, the poet's granddaughter, was married to M. Léon Daudet, Feb. 12, in the presence of a large number of distinguished persons, including MM. Dumas, Renan, Ferry, Clemenceau, and Claretie. The wedding was purely a civil affair.

MISS JEANNETTE GILDER, editor of the *Critic*, has a bright, keen eye, a good, straight nose, beautiful complexion and beautiful hair. She talks with perfect ease and self-possession, saying fearlessly, orally or in print, just what she thinks of anything or anybody.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, the poet, novelist and reviewer, was a poor Scotch village boy, a score of years ago, without fame or fortune or prospects of either. The success he has had in literature has been won by hard work. He stands among the foremost men in London literary life.

VON BULOW is much more than a mere musician. He is an admirable Greek scholar, speaks English accurately and almost without foreign accent, and knows German politics from beginning to end. In fact, although he has much of the musician's vanity, he is a well informed and exceedingly interesting man of the world.

REV. A. G. JENNINGS, of Toledo, has entered the controversy arising out of the MacQueary trial, preaching a sermon on the subject, which was printed in the secular press of the city, and elicited some spirited replies from orthodox sources. The work of raising money for a new church building is said to be going forward very encouragingly.

WE greatly regret the careless omission of the name of the writer, Mr. B. F. Underwood, of the article on "Herbert Spencer's Idea," in our last number, which appeared in the table of contents, but should also have been given at the head of the essay. Our apologies are due both to Mr. Underwood and to our readers.

THE pleasing impression made at the late National Council by the women preachers belonging to our Unitarian household is a matter of just pride to all the members thereof. UNITY has already called attention to the inspiring and helpful word spoken by the youngest of these, Rev. Mila F. Tupper. The address by Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett on "Light" has also been highly spoken of, and a very full abstract of the same appears in the *Woman's Tribune.*

CHICAGO is rich in the possession by one of its public-spirited citizens, Mr. J. W. Ellsworth, of the Gutenberg Bible, purchased at the recent Brayton Ives sale in New York, the two volumes bringing $14,800. The purchase has drawn from the city librarian, Mr. Hild, the statement that the town of Mainz, Gutenberg's birthplace, has no copy of the work which made him and it famous. There is a statue of Gutenberg and many relics, while "the whole town is saturated" with his memory, but the single copy of the first Bible it possessed was carried away by Napoleon in one of his early campaigns and is in one of the collections in Paris.

GENERAL SHERMAN, shortly before his death, by written contract, put his Memoirs in the hands of Webster & Co., of New York. They, carrying out the spirit of the contract, are about to bring out a cheap edition of this celebrated work, with a brief appendix by the Hon. James G. Blaine, including the closing years of General Sherman's life, his last illness, death, and funeral pageant. The work will be in one volume and will contain the full text of the original memoirs. It will be sold at $2.00, all former editions having been sold at $5.00. The proceeds of the work will be devoted to the interests of those whom General Sherman has left dependent for support upon the income of the estate.

WE are in receipt of a copy of a printed sermon by Rev. Arthur M. Judy of Davenport, Iowa, entitled "The Liberalism of the Unitarian Church." Davenport has been going through a revival season among its orthodox community, and a friend writes us that Mr. Judy's sermon, first published in one of the local newspapers, elicited a reply from the Christian minister of the town, who in a printed announcement formally invited Mr. Judy and the members of his church to attend the services, which invitation was accepted. Our correspondent writes that the revival meetings "were made attractive by stereopticon pictures of heaven, representing God—a venerable man—seated on a white throne, and hell, with devils dancing about in the flames and prodding sinners with long forks."

Contributed and Selected.

Easter Carol.*

Lo, the Day of days is here,
Earth puts on her robes of cheer:
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of Immortality!
Fields are smiling in the sun,
Loosened streamlets seaward run,
Tender blade and leaf appear,
'Tis the Spring-tide of the year!
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of Immortality!

Lo, the Day of days is here,
Hearts, awake and sing with cheer!
He who robes his earth anew
Careth for his children too.
They who look to Him in faith
Triumph over fear and death;
Speaks the angel by the door
"They are risen" evermore.
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of Immortality!

Lo, the Day of days is here,
Music thrills the atmosphere.
Join, ye people all, and sing
Love and praise and thanksgiving!
Rocky steep or flowery mead,
One the Shepherd that doth lead;
One the hope within us born,
One the joy of Easter morn!
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of Immortality!

—*F. L. Hosmer.*

Easter.

I am glad that we commemorate the birth of the immortal hope at this season, when the seemingly dead earth is beginning to throb with the life of another springtime, and the spirit that has been sleeping in the sepulcher of brown clods, safe folded from the winter's chilling breath, is awakening and taking on its various forms before our eyes;—not new, strange shapes, for that would rob the vision of half its loveliness and our hearts of all their joy. It is the old things we have loved, and it is their return we greet with Easter gladness. No gorgeous bloom could ever take the place of the wild flowers of our childhood. No roses, though plucked from the fields of Paradise, could have for us the fragrance of the sweetbrier that grew beside our mother's door. And we are sure that the old time blossoms will come again, as they came last year, changed with the increased beauty of sadness or joy which our memories cast over them. We have learned that God does not send us new flowers every year:

"When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces."

And so I am glad that this birthday of the soul's hope comes at a time when nature tells the story of the resurrection in her reviving life, and our hearts are tender with thoughts which the flowers bring us of other April days, and perhaps of graves over which the green grass is springing for the first time. It is true that the belief in a future life existed long before Jesus lived,—if, indeed, there was ever a time when it did not exist,—but there was no joy in the belief. It was not a hope but rather a dread. The early Greeks believed in a hereafter, but it was an under world of semi-darkness, peopled with dim shadows and floating dreams of beings that once were men. This was the state of being into which the great majority passed at death. Only the most exalted heroes were endowed with new bodies and permitted to enter the fields of Elysium, and here their happiness was not without alloy, since they carried with them their human passions, their loves and hates, from which even the gods themselves were not free; their ambitions for great achievements, and their longings for the excitement of warfare. To the early Greeks the entrance into Elysium was only the choice of a lesser evil. It was not the opening of a larger life, but the beginning of a hopeless yearning for the old joys they had known on earth. The early Roman belief did not differ essentially from the Greek. The ancient Egyptian expected to ultimately reach a realm of light, but only after spending a period in the torments of Hades and then passing from one body to another for thousands of years before the wished-for goal could be reached. The ideal state of the Buddhist, complete absence of any consciousness of pleasure or pain, is little better than utter annihilation. In the Old Testament no emphasis is laid on the idea of a future life, although there was a belief entertained by the Jews before the time of Jesus, in a nether world, dark and undesirable, to which the soul passed after death. So tracing the thought of immortality through the different ages, we find much belief, but little hope; a dark conviction forcing itself upon men, though they would gladly have shaken it off and gone down into the silence of an eternal grave, rather than live in the ghastly abodes which their imaginations pictured as the homes of departed spirits. But when the stone was rolled from the grave of the Galilean teacher, the weird horrors that clustered round the mystery of death began to disappear, and a ray of sunlight pierced the gloom of the shadowy future. In the voices of the women returning from the empty tomb, we hear the first note of gladness, which has swelled to a world-song of immortal joy. They had come to the place sorrowing, bringing with them the spices and precious ointments to perform for their beloved dead the customary burial rites which the rigor of the law had denied him. As they approached the sepulcher, they spoke softly to each other of the difficulty which might prevent their loving ministrations: "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the tomb?" Looking up, they saw that the stone was rolled away, and entering, they found not the body of the dead. Amazement seized them, then fear, and gradually the full meaning of what they had seen dawned upon them, and they departed joyfully to bring word to his disciples of the Master's renewed life. It is true the mind of the present day questions the actual occurrence of these things. Science says, "Impossible," and religious zeal is beginning to hesitate over the record, while many liberal churches have given up the Easter festival. But I see no reason for throwing away the lesson and the beauty of the story, because we do not all accept it as a literal fact. Be it tradition with scarcely a grain of absolute truth for its foundation, or myth, or fable, it marks the change from dreading belief to hopeful faith. The entire picture may have been drawn from the writer's knowledge of human sorrows and divine consolation, and the characters spoken of used only as symbols of the soul's emotions. We may see in the weeping women stealing along in the gray light, grief walking in the shadow of despair, toward the grave of buried affection, and in the white-robed messenger that faith which bids us trust good of the eternal purpose, even when our vision is shut off by the walls of the sepulcher, and our strained hearing catches no echo of voices which have made our life's music. And I believe the picture will hold its colors through out the ages, since human nature does not change, only unfolds its possibilities. If here, in the western world, in our own time, one should die, who had put self out of sight that he might benefit his fellow-men, who had shown them the right though they scoffed at him for it, borne tenderly with the faults and weaknesses of his fellow-creatures, seeking to make them better and stronger, whose days had known only deeds of helpfulness, and whose whole life had been a lesson of purity and goodness; if such an one should die, and the law refuse him the tributes with which we love to honor our dead, I think that not two or three, but many sorrowing women, yes, and reverent men, would be found, as the starlight faded into morning, bearing fragrant offerings to his resting place; and when they had covered the dull sod with living blossoms and tarried a little in the silence, I am sure the eternal hope would enter their hearts, and they would return comforted, having spoken with the angel of God and heard his message of hope no less than did the women who followed Jesus out of Galilee, and were first at his grave on the resurrection morning. Not all the evidence which science offers, since it can not give us absolute knowledge, is worth as much as that simple trust which can rely on the larger wisdom of God to care for that future into which we can not see; and the deepest research must come to a point, at last, where it rests on faith. Science and philosophy may give a deeper meaning to our hope as they broaden our understanding of the beneficence of the infinite laws which govern life and death; but they are not substitutes for it. Our fear of the grave is like a child's fear of darkness, which disappears with the assurance that the parent's love can protect it by night as well as by day. If we believe that divine goodness has guided us through life, then we must believe that the same goodness will be with us in death. If we believe in God as a living power, then we must believe that his appointed ways are right, though we do not understand them. After all, is it death itself that we so much dread? Is it not rather the suffering which precedes it, the pain of separation and the thought of those gruesome horrors with which superstition has peopled the grave? If we could find that fabled city on earth where never any died, how many of us, in the light of past experience, however beautiful life has been, would care to enter it, and as its gates closed behind us, relinquish forever the hope of meeting those friends who have already passed into the beyond? Would we, for the sake of enduring an endless vista of years after we had exhausted the experiences of this life, forfeit the chance of beholding their faces again? No. Better the darkest uncertainty so long as we can cherish that hope, than such a life. Neither poet nor painter has yet been able to picture an earthly lot so fair that we would be willing to exchange this possibility for its continuance; and I do not believe God has planted the immortal hope so firmly in the soul to have it end in death and nothingness. It gathers strength and assurance with the passing years, as humanity learns to read the deeper meanings of life, and to rely with more perfect trust on the wisdom of the Infinite Power. The Easter festival means more to-day than it did centuries ago, for faith is more spiritual and hope less selfish. We no longer ask for physical signs and glowing prophecies, but reading into the olden story of the resurrection the lesson that we find in the warmth of the new springtime, the color of the grass and the faces of the flowers, we can greet the Easter dawn with the joy of perfect trust, the worship of devout expectation, and the gladness of a great hope.

LILA FROST SPRAGUE.

IT is not exclusiveness which is great, but the power to so touch and inspire the best qualities of others as to render them worthy of *in*clusiveness. Even to be common is less vulgar than to be snobbish; to be capable of appreciation and reverence is higher than to be capable of severe criticism; to give always of one's best—these are the qualities that characterize the spirits finely touched but to fine issues.—*Boston Budget.*

**Music: King's Chapel Carols, No. 4 (Mendelssohn): Geo. H. Ellis, Publisher.*

Correspondence.

DEAR UNITY:—May I beg space to answer here the question that has been coming to me by mail? The majority of the committee on joining the National Alliance do not consider, and have not for one moment considered, their report equivalent to recommending the disbanding of the Women's Western Conference, and this question would not have been necessary, had we seen the minority report before sending our own to UNITY. We tried simply to face the question, "What duties have we towards the National Alliance, whose constitution we helped frame and for the mistakes of which we are responsible?" While it might not be expedient for many societies to follow the example already set by one or two, as for instance in the church at Rochester, which helps support both organizations, yet we think these questions of adjustnent must be left to the individual churches and societies, whether the W. W. U. C. disband or not. In either case I think our report would be the same and our loyalty to the home society and the principle of open fellowship unaffected by its conclusions. Truly yours,

E. E. MAREAN.

Cambridge, Mass.

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Church Door Pulpit.

The Power of an Endless Life.

By Rev. C. F. Bradley, of Quincy, Ill. Published by a Member of the Congregation.

(A continuation of the theme presented in the issue of Feb. 26th.)

The "stream of tendency" which is bearing us along through the world, which carries so much larger meaning than can be filled out in this world, which overrides our conduct in an almighty, imperial fashion, making use of what is good in us and what is evil in us, our virtues, and our infirmities, leading us through every sort of experience as it drives on to its mysterious goal, is, as we have seen, no fortuitous circumstance, but is as orderly an event as the path of a planet. We get at the most satisfactory understanding of this "stream of tendency" if we are able to find that in it the powers of endless life are working.

Plausible as it appears to be, it has little value as a theory of the human career, unless reasonable grounds of its support can be found in the method of nature as we have come to know it in observed facts and laws. We know nothing of the origin of life, but we know that its manifestation is subject to certain definite, fixed, and well-ascertained principles. The structure of an organism, the changes which transpire in it by the struggle of existence, its disappearance, all are accounted for in the method of nature as science has discovered it. The history of man is laid down in this method of nature, and we can reasonably say of his destiny only what the observed principles which govern the universal manifestations of life clearly warrant. If the human organism is not perishable, as is the body, nature must give indubitable signs that such is the case.

In his Principles of Biology, Herbert Spencer has this word: "Perfect correspondence would be perfect life. Were there no changes in the environment but such as the organism had adapted changes to meet, and were it never to fail in the efficiency with which it met them, there would be eternal existence and eternal knowledge."

It is a brief, modest word. It seems not to tell us much; it certainly tells us nothing new. Yet, it is an invariable, universal law, holding through all the range of life as we know it, from protoplasm up to the most highly organized humanity.

Structure and organism are results of the struggle for existence. There are two factors of the struggle. The one is an energy in the organism working outward, the other is an energy in the environment bearing down upon the organism.

Structure is permanent, and organization is uninterrupted just as long as there is equilibrium between these opposing forces. Let the equilibrium be broken so that the organism is unable to match the energy pressing in upon it from the environment, and organization is arrested and structure disappears. Plant a sapling! It will grow to a tree; will execute its various organic functions; will stand, a vigorous structure, just as long as it can successfully match the energy which presses upon it from the environment. It will stand a thousand years, two thousand years; there is nothing to prevent its standing as long as the world stands, if it can fulfill this one condition of its existence. But the moment changes arise in the environment which it can not adapt itself to meet, it dies.

The human body is subject to this same law. The problem of longevity is the simple matter of maintaining equilibrium between the inherent bodily energies, and the energies in the environment. Whether the bodily structure survives or perishes depends on whether the bodily force is sufficient to successfully match any antagonistic force which may chance to assail it. A man can go through a small-pox or cholera contagion with impunity if his vital energy is able to throw off the poison which he takes into his system. There is no reason under the law of nature why he should not live forever just as he is, if his physical structure was adapted to meet and fully match the changes transpiring in his environment. But it is not so equipped. His physical structure is of limited capacity and carries but a small stock of energy, whereas the changes in the environment which it has to meet are illimitable, and its antagonistic energy is infinite. For a brief time and in a narrow sphere the body is able to hold itself firmly against the assailing forces which surround it. Within these limits it grows, increases the complexity of its machinery and executes its organic functions. But the period arrives when its stock of energy begins to fail. Its efficiency to repair the waste occasioned by the struggle of life lessens. It is unable to maintain the equilibrium between itself and the environment. Weakness undermines the vigor of resistance, disease invades the tissues, and the structure succumbs to dissolution. This is universally the history of the human body under the operation of this powerful law of correspondence. With every other structure it can have but a short-lived career of conflict with the inexhaustible and tireless forces of the infinite environment. The duration of the equilibrium which guarantees life may be extended or shortened to a degree, according as its inherent vigor is wisely husbanded or recklessly wasted, but it is not given to it to attain to the perfect correspondence and equilibrium required by nature's law; and so the body, long as the world stands, can never be immortal. It is in this universal law that many find the denial of a future life indubitably written. It is looked upon as inconceivable that in a universe of ceaseless change caused by inexhaustible and ever-shifting forces, any organism can survive beyond a brief term. There may be no annihilation of the energy which vitalizes the organism, but there must be, it is thought, a breaking up of its constitution and the annihilation of its individuality. But, if we look a little more deeply into the matter, we may have occasion to surmise a different possibility. There is no question that structure is impermanent. There is no question that nature's law is correctly understood, and that the persistence of an organism is made to depend upon its ability to adapt itself to whatever changes may transpire in its environment. If it has eternal life, it must secure it, not by inalienable endowment, but by acquiring the power to sustain equilibrium between itself and the infinite forces which press upon it. It must be able to keep itself from being torn to pieces. Another question, however, obtrudes itself, as to what an organism is, whether it is identical with structure, or whether it is superior to structure and independent of it.

Life! Does anybody know what life is, or whether it is ever destructible? Is it a state of chaos, or is it force always, and only existing as organized under purpose and law? Herbert Spencer, speaking by authority of science, gives us this great law of nature, that "*life precedes and determines organization.*" Organization we can see as it unfolds before our eyes, and we find no chaos in it. The life of which the process of organization is the manifestation, says nature, preceded the organization. The life which appears in the form of a tree, according to this testimony, existed before the tree appeared, as force organized under law to manifest itself in that particular way.

Or again—has anybody ever discovered an organism, or seen one pulled to pieces, or is any one able to affirm from positive evidence that an organism can be pulled to pieces? One can see and handle a mechanism, a structure, but an organism, like the wind which "bloweth where it listeth," who knoweth whence it cometh, or whither it goeth? Still more clear and emphatic is this other great law of nature which Mr. Spencer cites, that "*function precedes and creates structure.*" Quite as revolutionary a word this is as was ever spoken. It upsets the material philosophy. To say that function precedes and creates structure is exactly to say that function exists before the structure does. The tree is a structure, created by a function which existed before the tree appeared. But what is a function? Only one answer can be given. It is not the indeterminate movement of chaotic energy; it is the law-determined efficiency of an organism. A function can be predicated of nothing but an organism, which gives us as the full reading of nature's great law, that *organism precedes and creates structure.* The florist sets a fragment of a begonia leaf in the soil. It matures into a perfect plant. What is it that creates the plant roots, circulatory system, respiratory system, according to this law of nature? It is a function which already exists in the fragment of leaf before it touches the soil, and this function is the law-determined efficiency of an organism. A fragment of an oak leaf set in the soil will not produce an oak tree. There is no law-determined function existing in the oak leaf to accomplish such a result.

We are not brought to an understanding of what an organism is, but it is a long step to have taken into the light, to get at this clear witness which nature makes to a distinction between *life* and its *manifestation in form*, between *organism* and *structure.* Before a structure can appear, says nature, the organic function which it is to create must exist, as a system of forces organized under law for that purpose. We are thus thrown into a new series of questions when we ask of human destiny, questions whose scope is not limited to the demonstrations of bodily existence. Our field is considerably widened when we find ourselves, by authority of nature, permitted to study man as an organism apart from man as a corporeal structure. We are taken down below the body to find that the human organism is not something material, although material structure may be the invariable condition of its activity. What we study in the human career is the history of this organism, a history which may have a meaning which can not be wholly recorded in the bodily tissues and changes.

Our attention is arrested to inquire into the significance of the fact that the work being accomplished in the struggle of life is crude and clumsy, and far short of what the organism is capable of doing, that the function in man is too large to be fulfilled in the creation of the bodily structure and its mission.

We are led to subject this unused human function to the test of nature's law, that functional energy persists, even over a long series of structural evolution, till it is finally accomplished. In the ancient Orohippus, or five-toed horse that existed tens of thousands of years ago, there was an unused functional energy which persisted through innumerable rising types of horse-development until it got itself consummated in the thorough-bred horse of to-day. By seeing that the human body is not the human organism, that the bodily career does not use up the functional energy of the human organism, and by recognizing this law of the persistence of unused functional energy till it finds consummation, we are brought to the strong conviction that so far as nature has anything to say of the matter, it is that the destiny of the human organism can not be ended with the present career. The brains of an infant Australian, and of an infant Emerson are to the eye of science identical, of the same substance and the same markings, the surface of each being but slightly grooved. The brain of the adult Emerson has become deeply creased and furrowed, and heavily corrugated. In his infant brain was a functional energy which has created the brain changes with their powerful corresponding activities; a functional energy, however, which is by no means exhausted by what has been accomplished. This unused functional energy, says the law of nature, must persist until somewhere and somehow it fulfills itself. The brain of the adult Australian is but little creased and furrowed, the functional energy in his infant brain having been able to work no great structural changes in it. Nevertheless, had the environment been favorable, the functional energy could have greatly deepened the creases and furrows, and intensified the activities of life. This unused functional energy in the Australian, says the law of nature, must persist until somewhere and somehow it fulfills all the capacity inherent in it.

We are taken a step further into the heart of the struggle of existence to ascertain the nature of the forces in conflict. What we see on the outside is the creation and destruction of structure. What we find on going within is an organism, struggling by means of structure and structural changes, to adapt itself to environment and fulfill its functional purpose. Take a plant out of the hothouse and set it in the cold spring soil. Its new environment does not permit it to do precisely as it has been doing, but necessitates changes in its structure. Its functional purpose is to bear tomatoes, which it would have done in the hothouse, and which it sets itself to carrying out in its less congenial environment. As an organism it maintains its integrity, yet the luxuriant foliage which it has used it can no longer use; and it must die and drop off, that the organism may send up from the roots a new foliage which can be used in the new conditions. The inside history of this plant struggle is the successful effort of the immaterial organism by the destruction of the old structure and the creation of another, to adapt itself to the forces of its environment. This, too, is the inside history of the human career. A man is making the struggle of life by means of watchmaking. His fingers acquire an acute muscular skill. Invention and machinery throw him out of his trade, and he becomes a railroad brakeman. His organism makes the shift to the new conditions of struggle without impairment of its integrity, but the delicate action of the digital muscles perishes, and new centers of muscular force are developed in the bodily structure. No matter what the outside structural changes in the career, the inside history is always the same—an organism by pulling down the structure in one place and building it up in another, striving after equilibrium and harmony with its environment.

The forces both in organism and environment are the same in nature The environment of man is not the modicum of material conditions with which he struggles. These are but the vehicle through which the actual environment presses upon him. That environment is the infinite energy, whose attributes are intelligence and will and the moral ideal. The universe is an organism. It is a

moral order. The forces that play in it are not chaotic; they are law-determined. True to the nature of organism, the infinite energy is a functional purpose, articulated in reason and will and the moral ideal, and borne along the path of inflexible necessity to fulfill itself.

Man is the correlate to the infinite energy, the microcosm answering to the macrocosm, an organism sustaining a functional purpose, articulated in reason and will and the moral ideal, and beset by an inherent necessity to fulfill itself. He is a finite spirit of God, embosomed in the terrific embrace of the Infinite Spirit of God. The struggle of life is this human organism striving after equilibrium with the moral order of the universe.

With these discovered facts of nature before us, that the impermanence of structure is not found to affect the integrity of the organism, that unused functional energy persists till it reaches final accomplishment, that the interior history of life is the development of organic function by means of structural changes, that the mysterious "stream of tendency" which bears us along as by necessity is seen to be the evaporation of the functional purpose of the human organism and the functional purpose of the infinite organism, we are able to face confidently this great biological law of correspondence, that "were there no changes in the environment but such as the organism had adapted changes to meet, and were it never to fail in the efficiency with which it met them, there would be eternal existence and eternal knowledge." It dooms the corporeal structure to impermanence; but, so far from dooming the human organism to destruction, the new question arises, if it is not a law by which man is working out the power of an endless life. It assures us that he shall have "eternal existence and eternal knowledge" on condition of his being able to maintain harmony with his environment. His environment, as we have seen, is not the physical order but the moral order of nature. It is the reason and will and moral ideal which are nature's supreme functions, by which the universe is animated and all its processes are carried on in orderly fashion. To put it still more strongly and clearly, the environment which holds man in the grip of inflexible necessity, and crowds upon him with relentless severity, and to which he must adapt himself if he will escape its oppression and its forces of torture, is the infinite character of nature. The energy which, in all the experiences of life presses upon and presses into the human career and gives it its crooked path of pain, is the *power of the infinite character.*

One must have a more sufficient reason than the observed incompleteness and unsatisfactoriness of life to warrant him in attributing a maleficent and destructive hostility to the infinite character. The more acceptable and more rational meaning of the hostility which man experiences in his environment is that it is beneficently crowding him into harmony with the infinite character. Our human struggle is an uninterrupted witness of this; the human career is shorn of bodily vigor and of everything that seems worth living for, but from its first to its last day it is a progressive broadening and deepening of reason and will and the moral ideal. The organism is not shorn. Its powers steadily increase. The man's character, which is the blended strength of the functions of his organism, steadily makes closer adjustment to the infinite character. Emerson the old man, in the sweetness and prime and strength of an organism ripened in wisdom and self-control and goodness and contented reliance on the goodness of the universe, stands in completer harmony with the infinite character than does Emerson the boy. The man nowhere lives of whom in some degree the same thing may not be said.

I find in this the budding of the power of an endless life. I do not find it to be a power matured in this career; I recognize the vast incompleteness of the most advanced present development; but I find in it the budding of endless power. The nature-purpose which explains this life, gives it rational meaning, makes satisfactory provision for the infinite capacity of man, is that by its experiences, by struggle and structural changes and pain and the death of the body, the human organism is acquiring the power to adapt itself to the infinite environment.

Not at all does this accounting of him take man out of the order of nature. It sets him in his proper place as the high correlate of the Infinite Spirit. It exhibits his destiny, conforming on this upper plane to the same law of evolution as makes the destiny of the plant on its low plane. The great law is doing its most august work in human life. It is consummating the long processes of the ages, during which organism has been steadily evolved in beauty and excellence until in man it has reached the illimitable functions of spirit, and he is set to make the orbit of eternity by the powers of reason and will and the moral ideal. The stern law does not release him from an iota of discipline which may be needed to build these powers of his organism. All through his career, no matter what he may be aiming at, this is the end towards which the stern law is ever driving him. The issue of the world-evolution is a perfected human organism, a character at one with the Infinite Character; and man, the finite spirit of God unconquerable by his environment because matching its hostile energy at every point, fills the eternal orb with the blazing light of the Infinite Spirit of God. "I can see no insuperable difficulty," says John Fiske, "in the notion that at some period in the evolution of humanity this divine spark"—this human organism clothed with the functions of eternal spirit—"may have acquired sufficient concentration and steadiness to survive the wreck of material form and endure forever. Such a crowning wonder seems no more than the fit climax to a creative work that has been ineffably beautiful and marvelous in all its myriad stages."

The Study Table.

Books here noticed promptly sent on receipt of price by W. W. Knowles & Co., Publishers and Booksellers, 204 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Socialism of Christ. By Austin Bierbower. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co.

The main argument of Mr. Bierbower's book is briefly stated in the title. Early Christianity was in his opinion a movement which distinctly aimed to establish a new political order, after the spirit and methods which mark the work of the socialistic reformers of the present day, a movement which "depended on this character for its propagation." In support of this opening proposition Mr. Bierbower cites liberally from the gospels, and from contemporaneous writings. Jesus himself labored continually to one end, the establishment of an earthly kingdom, built on the principles of true democracy, the kingdom of the poor and oppressed. That there is much in the New-Testament scripture which lends itself readily to this kind of interpretation is very manifest, but when the author quotes from the Lord's Prayer and the Beatitudes in proof that Jesus meant only to establish an era of political rule based on the principle of equality, as opposed to the class distinctions of the day, we think he goes too far. It is possible to construe the Lord's Prayer to embody everything political and revolutionary, but only in the light of a line of special pleading, which, with all its manifest sincerity, courage and reasonableness, Mr. Bierbower's often strikes us as being. Doubtless it is true that the majority of the early followers of Jesus "looked forward to a worldly rather than spiritual kingdom," nevertheless to the thoughtful and educated minds of all ages the main idea presented in the New Testament teachings, stripping them of the accidental trappings of time and circumstance, has been, plainly enough, the necessity of man's spiritual regeneration, the substitution of the religion of heart and conscience for that of dead symbol and form. When Mr. Bierbower says that Christ, "like the socialist of modern times" evinced a strong hostility towards priests, we may agree, but can not draw the same deduction from it, for it was the priests as the embodiment of the dry and useless dogmas of *religion*, not as the supporters of an existing social code and regime, whom Jesus opposed. So, too, when Mr. Bierbower derives Jesus' opinions of money and money making from the episode of the traders in the temple, whom he drove forth with a whip of small cords, we feel bound to urge that it was not because of any violence done to his own economic theories, his disapproval of the customary mercantile and commercial methods of his day, but because of the sacrilegious nature of the action, which converted the temple of God into a public mart for buying and selling. Mr. Bierbower finds another point of resemblance between Jesus and the modern socialist, in the fact that he had an unfavorable opinion of the law; but again we submit that this was not for the modern socialist's reason, but because he would substitute the principle of brotherly love everywhere, in secular as in religious affairs, for outward law and symbol.

Neither can the story of the centurion, Matthew 8:5, be justly quoted as showing Jesus' dislike of the ruling classes, inasmuch as a full reading of this story shows us how he commended the man under authority as one in whom he had found the greatest faith in Israel.

Thus while we think Mr. Bierbower's book an interesting and valuable one for the testimony it offers to the modern spirit of Bible interpretation, subjecting it to all those rationalistic and scientific tests applied to literature in general, we can not but feel that his main argument is somewhat strained. Not that we are advocates of the theory of the moral and intellectual perfection of Jesus, nor that we do not find his teachings sometimes marred by a slight tinge of fanaticism. Had the "Socialism of Christ" attempted to prove that the New Testament contained a number of socialistic principles and ideas, its aim would have been readily accomplished, but in trying to prove that its distinct and fundamental principle is of this order it overreaches itself. The mission of Jesus of Nazareth was to spiritualize religion, and imbue it with a stronger ethical purpose. So practical an aim necessarily involved a readjustment, to an extent, of the whole of government and society; but this readjustment was but a means to the higher life of the spirit, not an end in itself. He was the advocate of the doctrine of social equality, but as one of the natural results of the principle of universal brotherhood, not because of a hostile feeling towards the rich and powerful, as such, nor a desire to supplant the authority of one class above another.

Representative Sonnets, by American Poets. Edited by Charles H. Crandall. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Aside from the fullness and high merit of the selections comprised in the above volume its value is greatly increased by the very able and interesting introductory essay on the sonnet by the editor. Mr. Crandall well says that "there must be unusual strength and excellence in the artistic structure of the sonnet to give it an endurance which, for so intricate and elaborate a form, is unparalleled in literature." He thinks, and with reason, that one great secret of the sonnet's power lies in the necessity of rhyme which it imposes, and which its stateliness of form must always render more or less resonant and tuneful. He gives naturally the preference of sonnet forms to Petrarch, quoting from sonnet XXXII to show how even Shakspeare must have seen how the Petracan form would vindicate its superiority over all others. The American sonnet, in Mr. Crandall's view, "is superior in nervous energy, in originality and movement and a wider range of thought" to the English, though not always so deep and introspective. It is not always so perfect in form, but atones for this defect by its inspirational power and true feeling.

A Literary Manual of Foreign Quotations. By John Devoe Belton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The above is not a Dictionary of Foreign Quotations, and differs from most manuals of the kind in three particulars, being first a selection of quotations from Latin and the languages of Continental Europe, which, secondly, are followed by extracts from modern authors who have used the same. Thirdly the quotation is accompanied with an explanation of its origin, and its context given. The work is completed with full indexes of the Latin, Italian, French and German quotations which make up the contents of the volume, whose usefulness is at once apparent.

A Vindication of the Rights of Woman. By Mary Wollstonecraft. New York: Humboldt Pub. Co. Double number, 30cts. a number.

The Humboldt Publishing Company have done well to republish this work, which is not merely historic in its interest, but continues to have a large degree of merit and usefulness for our own times, when many of the wrongs against which the brave, ill-fated author was the first to protest, have been redressed, and many of the rights for which she so eloquently plead, been gained. Mary Wollstonecraft belongs to that band of heroic martyr souls who dare to speak the truth whose utterance threatens to destroy them. Her history is one of the most pathetic and stirring of modern times, and whatever her errors, they were far more the fault of the age in which she lived, and the social conditions in which she was born and bred, than of her own nature, which was at once lofty and impassioned, devoted to the ends of justice and truth, and capable of undergoing any suffering in their cause.

Periodicals.

THE March number of the *Atlantic* does not seem to be up to its usual standard. Miss Murfree's story of Felicia comes to a tragic end, and gives us a sequel so romantic and artificial that it serves no object we can see except to save the writer the pains of a more natural sequel, which would have been of necessity more difficult. The story itself presents us with a new *motif* and is full of merit and suggestiveness. The character of Felicia is so well drawn as to excite loving interest from the first, and though the ills of her married life are shallow enough compared to the trials life presents most people, we sympathize deeply with her suffering because it is so very real. Doubtless this first effort of Miss Murfree's (sister of Charles Egbert Craddock) will soon be brought out in book form, when we shall hope to say a word more concerning it. A very readable article on Richard Grant White, frank but appreciative, written by Francis P. Church, takes the second place in the table of contents. An autobiographical fragment from James Freeman Clarke, entitled "My Schooling," also appears. George E. Howard writes of "The State University in America." Henry Fairfield Osborn of "The Present Problem of Heredity," Albert Bushnell Hart of "The Speaker as Premier." Arthur T. Hadley discusses the ever present problem of the railroads, and Agnes Repplier contributes a thoughtful and finished essay on "Pleasure: A Heresy." Stockton's serial of "The House of Martha," and Percival Lowell's series on Japan are continued, while Francis Freeman begins a new series of historical studies, calling the first, "Capture of Louisburg by the New England Militia." We do not remember to have seen any number of *Atlantic* before that contained no poetry, and we hope we shall not often see one. One wonders whether such omission is accidental or intended. It can not be that the singing-birds in so choice a cage were all caught napping at once.

THE *Forum* begins its eleventh volume with the March number of this year, and the publishers are happy in the announcement of "an uninterrupted increase" of business since the beginning of their enterprise. Senator John Sherman explains the report of the Senate Committee in favor of an appropriation for the Nicaragua Canal, George S. Boutwell writes on "Silver as a Circulating Medium," Bishop Coxe asks the question, "Do We Hate England?" and makes a plea for the peaceful settlement of our affairs with the mother country, referring to the mischievous nature of the Irish element in both English and American politics. W. S. Lilly examines our favorite political doctrine of the majority under the heading, "The Shibboleth of 'the People.'" Prof. Max Müller contributes a paper on "Freedom of Religious Discussion," in which he says "to encourage people and particularly theologians not to speak the truth openly, though they know it, must be fatal to every religion." Park Benjamin writes of "Our Bargain with the Inventor," Dr. William Barry of "The Ring and the Trust," W. M. Acworth discusses the government control of railways, and P. G. Hubert, Jr., the Russo-Jewish question. The article on "Formative Influences" is written this month by a woman, Martha J. Lamb. Prof. John Bascom has an article on the Public Schools, dealing especially with the recent agitations in regard to parochial schools in the Northwest.

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Notes from the Field.

Boston.—At the noonday services at King's Chapel the body of the church is usually well filled. Rev. Phillips Brooks' noonday addresses at the centrally-located St. Paul's church are inspiring preaching. He always speaks to full audience.

—The Monday Club will next listen to Mr. Henry Chase, agent of the N. E. Society for the suppression of vice.

—The next "Union" of Sunday-school teachers will discuss "The Relation of Sunday-schools to Social Progress." Horage G. Wadlin, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, Mrs. Fanny B. Ames and Rev. John G. Brooks will make addresses.

—It is projected to erect a building as a Kindergarten for the Blind. Fifteen thousand dollars, or one-third of the required funds, are already contributed.

—The Lenten week-day services in our churches are interesting large congregations. Some are held in the city proper and others in the suburbs.

—Rev. N. P. Gilman, a frequent contributor to the *Unitarian Review*, was one of the two successful writers, among the fifty contestants who wrote for the Philadelphia *American Secular Union* an essay on the best method of teaching morality in juvenile schools without offending the denominational consciences of parents. The two victors, M. Gilman and E. P. Jackson, Master of Boston Latin School, divided equally the prize of one thousand dollars.

—Rev. Chas. F. Dole will give the next Saturday lecture in Channing Hall on "The Growth of Evangelical Christianity."

—Harvard University has issued an interesting pamphlet statement (which can be had for the asking) of "What Harvard University is, how it may be entered and how its degrees may be obtained" with a full chapter on its religious exercises and influences.

—The Children's Aid Society spent in 1890	$21,700
The North Bennett St. Industrial School	17,700
Howard Benevolent Society . . .	6,000
North End Diet Kitchen	2,792

Chicago.—A unique and most enjoyable musical entertainment was given at All Souls church on the evening of the 17th, in the form of a Keltic Concert, the programme being divided between the three nationalities, Irish, Scottish and Welsh, with a liberal selection of songs, ballads and national airs, representing the folk-lore of each country. The concert was given under the auspices of Unity Club, which is spending the last day of the year in a study of Shakespeare's Cymbeline, and other subjects connected with Keltic history and tradition, lying alongside. The programme of the concert was placed in charge of three leaders, Hon. J. F. Finerty, editor of the *Irish Citizen* superintending the first part, and enlivening the exercises with true Irish eloquence and wit. The second part was introduced by a paper on the Scottish ballads by M. Alexander Dunlop, and the third part by an informal but most interesting talk on the Welsh singing genius, by Mr. William Apmadoc, himself an accomplished singer. The entertainment closed with a hymn sung by the audience written for another occasion by Miss Eva H. Walker, but adapted for second use here, by being set to the Welsh air, "*Ar Hyd y Nos*," after which all joined in the strains of "*Auld Lang Syne*," and at a late hour the company dispersed.

—The Unitarian Club will meet at Headquarters, 175 Dearborn St., on Wednesday eve., April 1st, at eight o'clock. Dr. Edward Emerson will read from the poems of his father, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Members will be admitted free as usual. All others will be charged an admission fee of 50 cts.

—Mr. Emerson's public engagements in Chicago will be as follows: Wednesday evening, April 1, readings from his father's poems, under the auspices of the Unitarian Club, 175 Dearborn street. Friday evening, April 3, before the Chicago Institute, in the new Athenaeum Hall, 18 to 26 Van Buren street, on Henry Thoreau. Sunday evening, April 5, in All Souls Church, corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue, on the correspondence between Sterling and his father, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Alton, Ill.—We learn from the Alton *Daily Telegraph* of March 6, that a meeting was called at the Madison Hotel to effect a permanent organization in Alton for charity and rescue work. A committee to whom the matter had been referred reported declaring the objects of the society to be: 1. The relief of the destitute and suffering by food, fuel and clothing. 2. By supplying and ministering to the needs of the sick. 3. The condition and needs of children in dependent and neglected families, and the providing, by adoption, of homes for such children. 4. Hospital visitation and assistance. 5. Establishment of coffee stands and employment of means to increase habits of temperance. 6. Formation of sewing schools for girls. 7. To provide work for the unemployed. 8. To visit and look after the condition and needs of the city jail and county poor-house, and to assist the inmates therein. 9. Encouragement of means for saving the earnings among the poor. 10. Increase of sentiment in favor of social purity and temperance, and the devising of suitable agencies to that end.

At a subsequent meeting thirty ladies and gentlemen assembled in the hotel parlors and completed the organization, to be called "The Helping Hand Society," of which the Unitarian minister, Rev. H. D. Stevens, was chosen President. Various committees were appointed and the membership fee of the society was fixed at fifty cents.

Minneapolis, Minn.—The Minneapolis *Tribune* of March 16 reports interesting sermons on the 15th at the People's meeting at Century Hall by Rev. S. W. Sample, and at the Unitarian Church by Rev. H. M. Simmons. Mr. Sample spoke on "The Causes of Poverty." These he found to be ignorance, intemperance, bad government, legal gambling, monopoly, mammonism and speculation in land and produce. Mr. Simmons spoke on the Gothenburg license system, which undertakes to regulate the sale of liquor by putting it into the hands of one responsible company upon certain strict conditions. After a few years' trial, the Bishop of Gothenburg wrote concerning this system: "The company has, in my opinion, been one of the best institutions of its time for advancing the moral and economic welfare of the lower classes." The system, says Mr. Simmons, has been adopted by every town in Sweden of over 5,000 inhabitants, and he recommends it to some American towns.

Winona, Minn.—The Winona Society is getting on finely. We have just arranged for a course of lectures which will commence next week. It consists of the following:

March 26th.—"Some Typical Clergymen in English Literature," by Rev. S. M. Crothers, St. Paul.

April 3th.—"Socialism or Anarchism," by Rev. H. D. Maxson, Menominee.

April 10th.—"The Cost of a Fool," by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago.

April 17th.—"Man's place in the Universe," by Rev. H. M. Simmons, Minneapolis.

April 24th.—"Wm. Barnes: the Dorset Poet," by Rev. W. F. Greenman, Winona.

A similar course last year aroused much interest, and this one bids fair to be even more successful. Yours truly,

H. L. BUCK.

Watertown, S. D.—An earnest friend addresses a communication to UNITY from Watertown. He says: "I have distributed some of your coupons but do not know how many took root. I would like to see a church of Universal Brotherhood in every township in the United States, and think the Unitarian is the nearest to that of any." After complaining of the "hell-fire and brimstone" period of his early theological training, he expresses the wish "that UNITY could be sent to everybody, whether brimstone eater or not." "I will do all I can," he adds, "in spreading UNITY although I am not rich." Our friend lives in a community where a Methodist minister is reported to have said, not long ago, "that he would rather live in a Methodist hell than in a Unitarian heaven."

Philadelphia.—The sermons of the Rev. Joseph May are to be published once a month for general distribution at the First Unitarian Church of Philadelphia. The plan has been made possible by a guarantee fund already subscribed. For its successful carrying out, however, further means are desired, and additional subscriptions to the fund are invited. The sermons will be distributed at the church on the Sundays following publication. In order further to extend their circulation, it is proposed to offer the yearly series to subscribers out of town and not of the First Church, at one dollar a year, including postage. Such subscriptions may be sent to Mr. Dawes E. Furness, 2029 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

A Good Example.—A California correspondent sends the following under date, March 15:

DEAR UNITY: I have some of your UNITY coupons and shall try to return them with the names of new subscribers. People feel very poor here just now and we Unitarians have a hard time to pull through, but we must be fed!

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Rev. Mila F. Tupper has entered upon her new field of work at Grand Rapids. We hear of good congregations, of a growing interest in the services and a very general and united effort on the part of the liberal friends to press forward to solid and substantial success. We bid them God-speed in the undertaking.

La Porte, Ind.—Rev. F. J. Gauld, of Chicago, late of the Congregational Church, of Iowa, supplied the pulpit of the Unitarian Church at La Porte on Sunday, March 22. On the 15th the pulpit was supplied by Rev. J. O. M. Hewitt, of Chicago.

Moline, Ill.—Rev. J. O. M. Hewitt, of Chicago, preached in the Unitarian Church at Moline, March 8. After some years retirement from the active work of the ministry Mr. Hewitt returns to it with a desire to find a permanent engagement.

Hinsdale, Ill.—Rev. H. T. Root, pastor of the Unitarian Church at Hinsdale, has been made a member of the Board of Health of the village.

Germantown, Philadelphia.—By some unaccountable slip of pen or printer, the name of Rev. John H. Clifford, of Germantown, was omitted from the mention of his interesting address, Feb. 22, on the lives of Three Great Americans, in last week's UNITY.

Keokuk, Iowa.—Rev. W. A. Pratt of the Universalist church of Middletown, New York, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Unitarian church in Keokuk.

Unitarian Tracts in German.—A correspondent desires to know where Unitarian tracts in the German language can be obtained. There is a series of four tracts which may be obtained of the A. U. A., 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Toledo, Ohio.—A correspondent writes that $10,200 have been pledged towards the proposed new Unitarian church in Toledo.

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Caution!—There have recently been issued several cheap reprints of the 1847 edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, an edition long since superannuated. These books are given various names,—"Webster's Unabridged," "The Great Webster's Dictionary," "Webster's Big Dictionary," "Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary," etc., etc.

Many announcements concerning them are very misleading, as the body of each, from A to Z, is 44 years old, and printed from cheap plates made by photographing the old pages.

AGENTS

For two of the best selling articles now in the market, viz.: "Childhood, its Care and Culture," by Mary Allen West, the book for mothers everywhere—and the fine aquarelle-tint picture of Miss Frances E. Willard, the most notable woman of the age. Sell on sight. Send for terms to WOM. TEMP. PUB. ASS'N, 161 La Salle St., Chicago.

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The Home.

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—Long as God ceases not, I can not cease; I must arise.

Mon.—Truth is like the sun; whatever darkens it is but a passing cloud.

Tues.—The secret of success is constancy to purpose.

Wed.—Experience is the extract of suffering.

Thurs.—Behold, we count them happy which endure.

Fri.—A good deed is the fruition of a pure thought.

Sat.—Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star.

—*Miscellaneous.*

Fairy Umbrellas.

The wet East Wind had called to the Rain,
"Come down, little drops, to the April flowers";
And over the grass, and the sleeping grain,
And into the street they swept in showers.

They tapped at each door and called, "Come up!
For the bleak, cold wind and the snow are gone;
Arbutus is lifting her perfumed cup,
And the grass is carpeting all the lawn."

But the fairies that lived in the quiet wood
All wore their new Spring bonnets that day,
So they raised their umbrellas as quick as they could,
And under the trees went trooping away.

And the people said, when they saw them there,
The fairy umbrellas out in the rain,
"O, Spring has come, so sweet and so fair,
For there are those odd little toadstools again."

—*G. Packard Du Bois, in The Silver Cross.*

Pussy Willow.

Before the bluebird wings its way
To northern glade and dell,
There comes a dear and happy day
When buds begin to swell.

Perhaps they see (we know not how),
Some secret, beckoning sign,
For soon on every willow bough
The silvery catkins shine.

By singing streams so lately dumb
The merry children shout,
(O, joyful news!) "The Spring has come!
The pussy willow's out."

—*Anna M. Pratt, in Flower Folk.*

A Long-Remembered Ride.

When I was quite small, we lived in New York state a few years. There was a great deal of snow there and we used to have fine times coasting. My sisters and I each had our own sleds. Mine was a small, light one, the runners turning up in front and finished with tiny swan's heads. It was painted blue, and very pretty and dainty, I thought it.

The hill where we usually went to slide was nearly a mile from our house and so long that, much as we enjoyed the slide down, it was a good deal of work dragging the sleds up for another turn, and as often as possible we would catch rides up on the sleds of the good-natured teamsters who chanced to be going up at the right time.

I remember one day in particular, a Saturday afternoon, there were quite a number of us, boys and girls, coasting. I was the youngest of the crowd, only about seven years old, and needed a good deal of steering to keep up with the rest.

We had coasted to the very bottom of the long hill, just in time to get on an empty wood sled which was going up. I had been helped to a good seat and was quietly enjoying the ride,—for we had been playing long enough to be quite tired if we stopped to think about it,—when a sleigh passed us going down, and the whole crowd of boys and girls, except just me, quick as thought decided to go home, and jumping off one sled had clambered into the empty box of the other before I got it into my stupid little head what they were going to do, and then it was too late for me to catch up with the rest. One of the largest boys—I shall always remember him gratefully—came back and took my sled to save me the trouble of drawing it home; then after a big run he succeeded in catching up with the sleigh and went home with the rest.

Of course I felt dreadfully and cried a little, though there was nothing serious the matter, as I was used to the road and the sun was still shining, so that I could not possibly get lost, I was not even cold; but for all that I was thinking myself the most miserable little girl in the world, when along came a dashing span of horses drawing a beautiful, covered sleigh, containing a lovely lady and a kind, handsome gentleman, all in all, the most elegant turnout I had ever seen.

They stopped, and helping me in, tucked me up in the soft, white robes and took me home. I felt quite like a little girl in a fairy story as we almost flew over the snow, and especially so when we reached our house. Instead of being allowed to clamber out alone, the gentleman drove up to the very gate and helped me out as carefully as though I had been a fine lady. My sisters were looking out of the window and thought we were surely going to have company when they saw the sleigh turn out of the road.

That is all of my story for I never saw the kind gentleman and lady afterwards and do not even know their names or where they were going; but I have thought of it a great many times and think of it yet as one of the pleasant events of my life.

Of course it was nothing great; there are very few great things in our lives, unless every good, kind act is great,—I sometimes think that is the right way to look at it. What do you think about it? But they did just the thing at just the time to change me from a poor, sorrowful, forsaken little creature, to a proud, happy, grateful child. And what more could any body do for me, or you or any one?

GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP.

A Curious Dream.

A laborer at the Dundee harbor lately told his wife on awakening, a curious dream he had had during the night. He dreamed that he saw coming toward him, in order, four rats. The first one was very fat and was followed by two lean rats, the rear rat being blind. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what evil might follow, as it has been understood that to dream of rats denotes coming calamity. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she, poor woman, could not help him. His son, a sharp lad, hearing his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter. "The fat rat," he said, "is the man who keeps the public house, and ye gang till sae often, and the twa lean anes are me and my mither, and the blind ane is yerself, father."—*Scotch Paper.*

THE *Union Signal*, in support of the principles of temperance it so earnestly advocates, quotes an old northern saw that runs as follows:

"He that buys lands buys many stones,
He that buys meat buys many bones,
He that buys eggs buys many shells,
He that buys ale buys nothing else.

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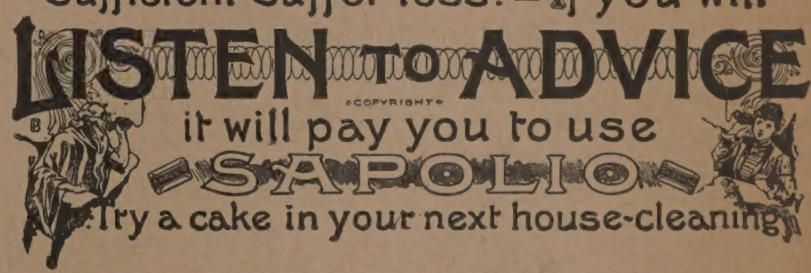

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Announcements.

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The treasurer reports the following receipts.

ON CURRENT EXPENSES.

Previously acknowledged	$823.45
Mary E. Dewey, Boston, Mass	3.75
J. M. Wanzer, Chicago	40.00
	$867.20

ON ENDOWMENT FUND.

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Below we give the dates and places at which Dr. Edward Emerson will speak during his lecture trip in the West, as many of our UNITY readers at these various places will be glad to avail themselves of this help. The list is of course subject to such changes as fresh contingencies may necessitate. Mr. Emerson's dates are all taken and no new engagements can be made this season except in places named below. We hope that another season Dr. Emerson's word upon "Henry Thoreau" and other topics may be heard in many more places in the West.

March 22, Rochester; March 23, (probably) Syracuse; March 24, Ithaca; March 25, Buffalo; March 26, Cleveland; March 27, Toledo, (two readings); March 28, Detroit; March 31, Davenport; April 1 to 5 inclusive, Chicago; April 7, Quincy; April 8 to 12 inclusive, St. Louis; April 13, Indianapolis; April 14, (perhaps) Columbus.

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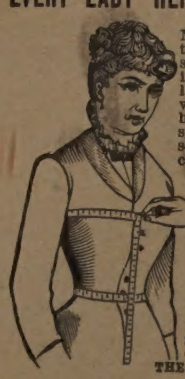

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